STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
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Pat Masulli, Executive Editor.
(Printed in U.S.A.)

CUSTOM PEDDLER EZRA BENTON WAS UNPREPARED FOR THE FREAK SNOWSTORM IN MID-APRIL, BUT HE WAS EVEN LESS PREPARED FOR...

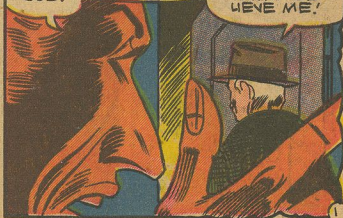
The ELIXIR

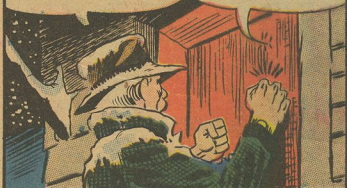
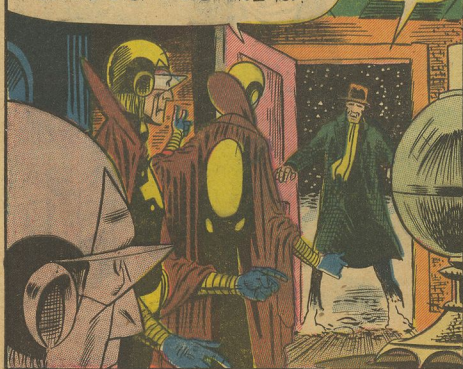
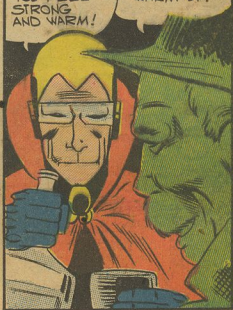
BRRR, CAN'T STAY IN THAT STALLED CAR! I'LL FREEZE THERE! GOT TO FIND SOME SHELTER OR KEEP MOVING! THIS HAD TO HAPPEN TO ME! CAN JUST IMAGINE WHAT MY STEP-SISTER, CORA, WOULD SAY!

Steve Ditko

S2243

IT WENT ON AND ON--AND ON...

SURE, I GOT TO WORRY ABOUT THE BILLS EVERY MONTH! I NEVER GET OUT OR BUY NEW CLOTHES JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE CONTENT WITH YOUR MISERABLE JOB!

HOURS PASSED AND HE HAD ALMOST RE-SIGNED HIMSELF TO CERTAIN DANGER WHEN...
GASP... A LIGHT! THANK HEAVENS, A LIGHT AT LAST! I'M SAVED!

LET ME IN, PLEASE! I'M FREEZING...
COME IN... THE DOOR'S OPEN!

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! WE WON'T HARM YOU! COME IN AND MAKE YOURSELF WARM! WE'RE REFUGEES FROM THE STORM JUST LIKE YOU!
BUT... WHO ARE YOU?

WE'VE COME FROM ANOTHER WORLD, FAR AWAY, TO STUDY YOUR COUNTRY! HERE, TAKE THIS DRINK! IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL STRONG AND WARM!
THANK YOU! I GUESS DRINKING IS PRETTY UNIVERSAL! I CERTAINLY CAN USE A SNORT TO WARM UP!

AS EZRA DRANK, A MAGNIFICENT TRANSFORMATION OCCURRED...
MY GOODNESS...(KOFF! KOFF!) THAT'S SURE POWERFUL STUFF!

BY SATURN'S RINGS! LOOK AT HIM!
W-WHAT'S HAPPENING? I FEEL GREAT! LET ME HAVE A MIRROR!

YOU HAVE CHANGED SO MUCH! FORGIVE US! WE HAD NO IDEA OUR ELIXIR WOULD DO THAT TO AN EARTHLING!
WHATEVER THAT LIQUOR IS, IT'S WONDERFUL STUFF! WHY, HAPPY DAY! I'M A YOUNG MAN AGAIN!

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, EZRA TALKED, AS ONLY A YOUNG MAN CAN, PAINTING A VIVID PICTURE OF CIVILIZATION ON EARTH...
...AND THAT BRINGS YOU UP TO DATE ON THE HISTORY OF OUR COUNTRY!
IT HAS BEEN WONDERFUL LISTENING TO YOU! WE HOPE WE COULD STAY LONGER, BUT DAWN HAS COME AND WE MUST LEAVE AT ONCE!

WHEN THEY LEFT TO CHECK THEIR SPACE SHIP...
I KNOW I SHOULDN'T DO IT-- I'VE NEVER STOLEN ANYTHING IN MY LIFE! BUT THIS ELIXIR IS WORTH A FORTUNE! THINK OF WHAT I CAN DO FOR CORA TO STOP HER CARPING! THEY'LL NEVER MISS THE STUFF!

THE ELIXIR WAS SAFELY STOWED IN HIS SUITCASE WHEN THEY BLASTED OFF...
I'M GOING RIGHT BACK TO TOWN! I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT WILL MAKE CORA THE MILLIONAIRE SHE'S ALWAYS WANTED TO BE!

IT TOOK SOME FANCY CONVINCING TO MAKE HIS BOSS BELIEVE IT WAS REALLY EZRA...
HOLY COW... IT CAN'T BE! BUT IT IS! EZRA, YOU'RE A YOUNG MAN AGAIN! HOW DID THIS MAGIC HAPPEN?
PUT YOUR JAW BACK, BOSS! I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY AND ALSO A PLAN I'VE GOT!

A HALF HOUR LATER!...
IT'S A CRAZY STORY, EZRA, BUT SOMEHOW I BELIEVE YOU! I'LL ARRANGE THAT CONFERENCE AT YOUR HOME AT ONE O'CLOCK TOMORROW!
SWELL! MEAN-WHILE, I'VE GOT TO GET A DISGUISE SO CORA WON'T SUSPECT... I DON'T WANT HER INTERFERING! THIS IS ONE THING I WANT TO DO MYSELF!

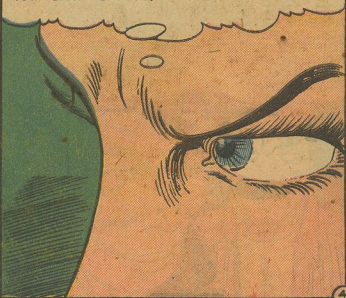
AN HOUR AFTER ENTERING THE THEATRICAL SHOP...
BETTER REMEMBER TO STOOP A LITTLE AND SHUFFLE! THIS GET UP OUGHT TO FOOL CORA! I'LL STAY AT A HOTEL OVERNIGHT AND GO HOME IN THE MORNING! THAT'LL GIVE HER LESS CHANCE TO SNOOP AROUND!

THE NEXT MORNING...
BACK SO SOON? I CAN SEE BY THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE THAT THE TRIP WAS A FLOP! YOU CAN'T EVEN SELL ANYMORE! WE'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE IF I DON'T PUSH AND TELL YOU WHAT TO DO!
LISTEN, CORA-- STOP CARPING! I'VE GOT A BIG DEAL ON! I WANT YOU TO FIX UP THE SITTING ROOM FOR A CONFERENCE!
HUMPFF! I'LL DO IT! BUT IF YOU'RE MANAGING, IT'S BOUND TO FAIL! EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH IS UNSUCCESSFUL!
THIS IS GOING TO BE DIFFERENT! WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH, CORA, BRING ABOUT EIGHT GLASSES IN... WATER TUMBLERS! HA, HA. TALK MAKES A PERSON DRY!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
ALL SET! I KNOW I CAN SNAP MY FINGERS AND MAKE A FORTUNE, BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK IT'S RIGHT! I STOLE IT... AND MAYBE THIS IS ALL AGAINST NATURE!
EZRA-- MY GOODNESS, ALL THOSE BIG CHAUFFERED CARS STOPPING AT THE HOUSE! ARE THEY ALL COMING FOR THE CONFERENCE?

THEY TOTTERED IN--THE RICHEST, OLDEST MEN IN THE TEXTILES INDUSTRY...
HOWDY, GENTLEMEN! GET YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE!
LET'S SEE WHAT YOU HAVE TO OFFER, EZRA! HURRY! WE'RE BUSY MEN, YOU KNOW!

NOW, CORA, REMEMBER! WHEN I CALL FOR THIS WATER, HAND IT TO ME! NOTHING ELSE, UNDERSTAND?
YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME TO MAKE SOME COFFEE AND... THOSE ARE IMPORTANT PEOPLE... DON'T MAKE ANY STUPID MISTAKES!

I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON? I WISH EZRA WASN'T SO PIGHEADED ABOUT MY HELPING HIM!

A HALF HOUR LATER...
ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME IN THERE? I KNOW HOW TO LOOK OUT FOR YOUR INTERESTS, EZRA!
FOR GOODNESS SAKES, NO! JUST THE WATER, CORA!

OH, I'LL NEVER LIVE THROUGH THIS! IF ONLY EZRA HAD ALLOWED ME TO MANAGE THIS... HE'S SUCH AN INCOMPETENT!

THE DOOR FINALLY OPENED WITH A CRASH! THE WERE NO GOODBYES, ONLY SNARLS...
A FAKE! EZRA'S A CAD! HE OUGHT TO BE JAILED! BAH, I KNEW IT WAS ALL A HOAX!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! HE FAILED!

SOON CORA WAS SNIPING AWAY AGAIN...
I KNEW YOU WOULD FAIL! YOU CAN'T MANAGE A THING! EVEN A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT WATER! IT WAS SO MURKY, I HAD TO CHANGE IT!
YOU CHANGED... HA, HA! THE WATER WAS CHANGED? THAT'S WHY THE WHOLE THING WENT WRONG! YOU MANAGED ALL RIGHT, HA, HA... TOO WELL THIS TIME!

IT'S ME ALL RIGHT! BUT THIRTY YEARS YOUNGER... THE RESULT OF ONE GLASS OF THAT MURKY WATER YOU POURED DOWN THE DRAIN! YOU KNOW... I'M REALLY GLAD IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS!
THEN ALL THOSE MEN... THEY WANTED TO BUY... OH, NO!

WHEN EZRA HAD TOLD THE WHOLE STORY AND THE FULL MEANING OF HER ACT WAS DRIVEN HOME...
EZRA, DON'T LEAVE ME! I WON'T INTERFERE AGAIN!
I WON'T GIVE YOU THE CHANCE ANYMORE! I NEVER REALLY WANTED TO BE A MILLIONAIRE! I'VE GOT SOMETHING MORE PRECIOUS THAN THAT, CORA... MY YOUTH! AND I'M GOING TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT!
END

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THE SHADOW

NO! NO! IT'S.... IT'S THE SHADOW!

3310

IN THE SHORT SCUFFLE THAT FOLLOWED, WILLIE FELL TO THE GROUND AND HIS 'PARTNER' WENT BACK INSIDE...

NOCKY WAS WORRIED. THEN HE BEGAN TO WONDER IF HE'D FINISHED WILLIE! HE GOT UP AND WENT OUT! THERE WAS NOBODY...
HE'S GONE BUT...

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! I'LL GET THE MONEY FROM THE HOLE WHERE WE HID IT LAST NIGHT...

NOCKY DROVE FURIOUSLY-- HE WAS CERTAIN HE'D FINISHED WILLIE--THAT SHADOW WAS ETCHED IN HIS VISION...
I CAN STILL SEE IT! THAT'S NONSENSE... IMAGINATION!

I CAN REALLY SEE IT NOW!

SOMEBODY CRASHED! LET'S GO HELP, WILLIE!
THAT'LL BE NOCKY, SHERIFF! HE WAS COMIN' FOR HIS SHARE -- HE GOT IT!
END

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
THIS IS THE GREAT MOUNT KINNEL OBSERVATORY WHERE ASTRONOMERS WATCH THE HEAVENS TWENTY FOUR HOURS A DAY AND REPORT THE MANY STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN THE VOID OF CELESTIAL SPACE! THESE DEDICATED MEN SPEND MUCH OF THEIR TIME IN THE OBSERVATORY, LIVING, EATING, SLEEPING, EVEN ENGAGING IN THEIR HOBBIES HERE! THIS IS THE TALE OF A STRANGE AND TERRIFYING EVENT AND HOW CLOSELY IT COULD BE LINKED WITH A MAN'S HOBBY!
'THE EGG AND...!'
I CERTAINLY ADMIRE YOUR TROPICAL FISH! THIS ONE IS FILLED WITH TINY EGGS! BUT WHERE ARE THE PARENT FISH?
THEY ARE AT THE FAR END OF THE TANK IN THE FOLIAGE! AS SOON AS THE EGGS BEGIN TO HATCH THEY WILL COME TO FEED AND GUIDE THE YOUNG!
DON PERLIN
BUT WON'T THE YOUNG FISH STARVE BEFORE THE PARENTS BEGIN TO FEED THEM?
NO! YOU SEE TINY PARASITES, WHICH WE CALL, INFUSORIA, ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE OUTER SHELLS OF THE EGGS! WHEN THE YOUNG FISH, FRY WE CALL THEM, BREAKS THROUGH THE EGG AND HATCHES, IT LIVES OFF THESE PARASITES!
SO IT FEEDS UNTIL THE PARENT COMES TO HELP IT AND TAKE IT AWAY!
YOUR TURN FOR DUTY, CARL!

THE YOUNG ARE SO TINY ONE CAN SCARCELY SEE THEM!
THEY ARE SMALL, BUT ONLY BY COMPARISON! ALL THINGS ARE AS THEY ARE BY COMPARISON AND THE EYE THAT SEES THEM!

I WONDER WHAT WE LOOK LIKE TO THOSE TINY FISH?
LIKE EMMENSE GIANTS IN AN OTHER SPATIAL SPHERE!

QUIET CAME THEN AS THE HUGE TELESCOPE REVOLVED AND THE ASTRONOMER SEARCHED THE NIGHT SKIES!
VENUS, MARS! THE WHOLE GALAXY SPECKED WITH UNKNOWN MILLIONS OF PLANETS... LIKE EGGS IN SPACE!

HE SMILED AT HIS FANTASY, THINKING...
THEY, THE PLANETS, COULD BE EGGS IN A CELESTIAL SEA... LIKE THE EGGS IN MY FISH TANKS!

I'M GETTING SLEEPY! TAKE OVER, WILL YOU HAL? I'LL MAKE SOME COFFEE AND TAKE A NAP! WAKE ME IN ABOUT AN HOUR!
RIGHT!

HE MADE COFFEE, BUT EVEN THAT DIDN'T CHASE THE SLEEPINESS THAT WEIGHED HIS EYELIDS!
BETTER TAKE A NAP, THEN I'LL BE FRESH FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT!

HE WENT TO SLEEP QUICKLY...

AND WAS AWAKENED SOME TIME LATER BY HIS ASSISSTANT...
WAKE UP! COME QUICKLY! SOMETHING IS HAPPENING OUT THERE... SOMETHING TERRIBLY STRANGE...
WHA...? OH, IT'S YOU, HAL! CALM DOWN! NOTHING REALLY EXCITING EVER HAPPENS OUT THERE!

I TELL YOU THIS IS SOMETHING BIG! IT SEEMS THAT MANY OF THE PLANETS ARE EITHER EXPLODING OR BREAKING INTO PIECES!
THE TELEPHONE'S RINGING UP THERE...

THROUGH THE HUGE TELESCOPE HE SAW THAT HIS ASSISTANT WAS RIGHT! PLANETS WERE BREAKING APART AS THOUGH IN SLOW MOTION, AND A SHADOWY SOMETHING SEEMED TO FLOAT AWAY FROM THEM!

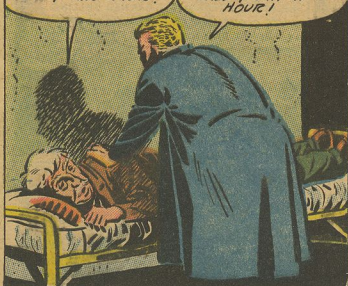
THIS... THIS IS UNHEARD OF!
CALLS ARE COMING FOR CONFIRMATION FROM OBSERVATORIES ALL OVER THE WORLD... ENGLAND, FRANCE, EVEN RUSSIA! THEY CAN'T BELIEVE THEIR EYES!

TURN ON THE RADIO! SEE IF THE NEWSCASTERS HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY!
ALL RIGHT!
CLICK

THE THING IN SPACE GREW LARGER... LARGER WITH EVERY PASSING MINUTE! A MONSTER SHAPE, SO HUGE AS TO BE UNBELIEVABLE! THEN IT WAS BIG ENOUGH FOR IDENTIFICATION...

AND HE THOUGHT OF HIS FISH TANKS... THE EGGS BREAKING, THE TINY PARASITES CLINGING TO THE OUTSIDE OF THE EGG TO FURNISH FOOD FOR THE NEWLY HATCHED FRY UNTIL THE PARENT FISH COMES...
ALL THE PLANETS, EGGS OF SOME GIGANTIC FISH-THING, FLOATING IN THE SEA OF SPACE! MANKIND, THE PARASITES, CLINGING TO THE SHELL! SOON THE SHELL WILL BREAK... AND...

THE PARENT IS COMING...

WHA? IS IT THERE? DO YOU... I MEAN, IS ANYTHING WRONG?
NO! NOTHING WRONG! YOU ASKED ME TO CALL YOU IN AN HOUR!

ALL A DREAM... THANK GOODNESS! BUT WHAT A DREAM! STILL, THE PLANETS ARE LIKE EGGS IN THE SKY WITH MAN CLINGING TO THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET EARTH LIKE A TINY PARASITE.. THE FREQUENT EARTH TREMORS WE HAVE...! COMPARISON WHO KNOWS?

HE SHUDDERED! THE PARALLEL WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! HE KNEW THAT HE'D NEVER FORGET THAT DREAM AS LONG AS...
HAL, YOU'VE ALWAYS ADMIRED MY TROPICAL FISH! YOU CAN HAVE THEM! I'M GIVING THEM TO YOU ON THE CONDITION THAT YOU CLEAR THEM OUT OF HERE AND KEEP THEM OUT OF MY SIGHT!

I'LL GET MYSELF A DOG FOR A PET! THEN I WON'T BE REMINDED! DOGS DON'T LAY EGGS!
THE END

BETWEEN ZENOB 25 AND EARTH REGISTRY OFFICE, FANTON HAD TO DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT HONESTY WAS....

The BEST POLICY

A FEW DAYS LATER..
FANTON KEPT OFF THE SPACE LANES TO AVOID BEING TRAILED THERE BY OTHER SHIPS! FINALLY...

HOPE WE DON'T SEE ANYONE TILL WE GET THIS JOB DONE!
EXCEPT FOR A TRANSPORT REFUELING STATION ABOUT TWO HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE, THE PLACE IS UNINHABITED!

THE THREE MEN SET OFF FOR THE MOUNTAINS...
HOW MUCH FARTHER IS IT, WILSON? I'M BUSHED!
WE'RE THERE NOW! WE START CHECKING RIGHT AWAY! SOON'S AS I GET THE COUNTER WORKING!

ONE WEEK LATER...
I THINK YOU'RE ALL WRONG! THERE'S NO URANIUM ON THIS ASTEROID!
I'M STAKING MY OWN WEALTH THERE IS, FANTON! THIS IS NATURAL GROUND! I KNOW!

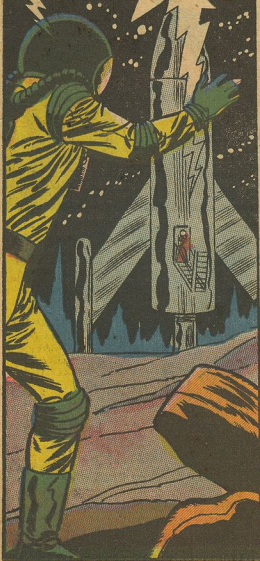
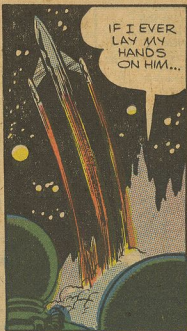
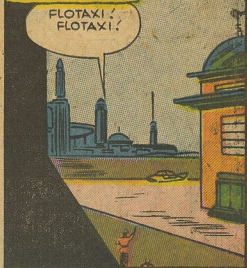
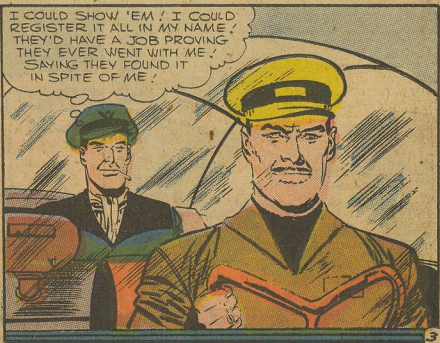
AFTER ANOTHER FRUITLESS FORTNIGHT...
LISTEN, IF WE DON'T FIND URANIUM IN THREE DAYS, I'M GOING BACK!
DON'T BE CRAZY, FANTON! WE'RE BOUND TO STRIKE IT!
IT'D BE JUST LIKE TOSSIN' AWAY A MILLION!

BUT FANTON WAS ADAMANT! THEN NEAR THE END OF THE THIRD DAY...
LISTEN! LISTEN! WE'VE STRUCK!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

WILSON TESTED MUCH OF THE SURROUNDING TERRITORY! IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME...
THIS IS IT, BOYS! I RECKON WE'LL SOON CASH IN ON OUR FIRST MILLION!
YES--AND WE'RE GOING HOME WITH WEALTH IN SPITE OF FANTON!

THAT NIGHT, FANTON COULD NOT SLEEP...
I DIDN'T LIKE THAT CRACK ABOUT FINDING URANIUM IN SPITE OF ME! SUPPOSE THEY SWEAR I WAS ONLY HIRED TO PILOT THE SHIP?

I'M NOT WAITING TO FIND OUT!

FANTON HURRIED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AND JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO ENTER HIS SHIP...
FANTON! WAIT FOR US!
NIX! YOU TWO CAN WAIT FOR ME! I'LL BE BACK!

IF I EVER LAY MY HANDS ON HIM...

ALL THE WAY HOME FANTON THOUGHT OVER HIS WEALTH AND BARGAINING POSITION HE WAS IN NOW! AT THE SPACEPORT...
FLOTAXI! FLOTAXI!

I COULD SHOW 'EM! I COULD REGISTER IT ALL IN MY NAME! THEY'D HAVE A JOB PROVING THEY EVER WENT WITH ME! SAYING THEY FOUND IT IN SPITE OF ME!

HE WALKED INTO THE REGISTRY BUILDING, AND HIS THOUGHTS WERE SWIRLING...
BUT I'M NOT A CROOK! I'M JUST CAUTIOUS! I JUST WANT TO PREVENT BEING DOUBLE-CROSSED!
REGISTRY MINING CLAIMS

I WANT TO REGISTER A URANIUM STRIKE IN THREE NAMES! JAMES FANTON, THAT'S ME--REED MAYO, AND FRANK WILSON!
I'LL GIVE YOU A PAPER TO FILL OUT!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, FANTON, FOR BEING IMPLICATED IN THE MILLION-DOLLAR ROBBERY OF THE PLANET INDUSTRIES OFFICES LAST WEEK! IT WAS AN INSIDE JOB AND...
YOU'RE WRONG! I WASN'T ON EARTH LAST WEEK! I CAN PROVE IT!

LATER, ON ZENOB 25...
I WISH I COULD SAY OTHERWISE, BUT FANTON WAS HERE LAST WEEK WITH US! I THINK HE'S TRYING TO STEAL OUR CLAIM!
NO, IT'S RECORDED IN YOUR NAMES, ALL RIGHT! I GUESS YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR, FANTON!

DURING THE RETURN TRIP...
I DON'T REALLY BLAME YOU, FANTON, NOW THAT IT'S OVER! YOU DIDN'T KNOW US WELL! IT WAS HARD TO TAKE AT FIRST-- WE THOUGHT YOU'D REGISTER IN YOUR NAME ONLY! WHY ARE YOU SHAKING YOUR HEAD?

JUST THINKING, MAYO-- WHAT A SPOT I'D HAVE BEEN IN IF I HAD TRIED TO SQUEEZE YOU OUT! TO PROVE I HADN'T BEEN NEAR PLANET INDUSTRIES, I'D HAVE HAD TO ADMIT I ROBBED YOU TWO OF YOUR CLAIM, BECAUSE I'D NEED YOUR WORD THAT I HAD BEEN ON ZENOB 25! EITHER WAY WOULD HAVE BEEN GOOD FOR AT LEAST 20 YEARS IN PRISON FOR ME!
END

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Rush my Secret Camera and free roll of film for $1.98 at once. If I am not 100% delighted I may return it after 10 Days Free Trial for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

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Gentlemen: Rush the following to me;
_____ Naval Gun @ $1.10
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Canadian and Foreign orders add 20¢ each per gun and send International Money Order.

GREAT PERFORMANCE

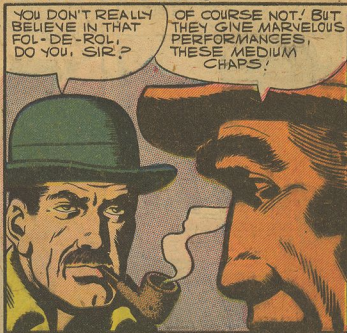
WHAT LIES BEYOND THE VISIBLE, THE VEIL OF THE UNKNOWN? HARDBITTEN SCOTLAND YARD INSPECTOR FAINE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS OR THE UNKNOWN, ONLY IN CONCRETE FACT! BUT EVEN A SCOTLAND YARD INSPECTOR DOESN'T KNOW ALL AND HE ESPECIALLY DIDN'T KNOW THE HEIGHT OF THE PRIDE AND THE DETERMINATION OF SOUL OF JEROME TRAVIS, ONCE LONDON'S GREATEST ACTOR!

SHE HAS COME FROM THE BEYOND, JEROME TRAVIS, YOUR WIFE WHOM YOU CALLED TO! SPEAK, SPIRIT!

JEROME, MY BELOVED!

WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL!

S2811

AH, INSPECTOR FAINE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T COME TO ARREST THE POOR CHAP INSIDE!
MR. TRAVIS, I'VE KNOWN FOR SOME TIME THAT YOU'VE BEEN VISITING EVERY QUACK MEDIUM IN LONDON!

YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE IN THAT FOL-DE-ROL, DO YOU, SIR?
OF COURSE NOT! BUT THEY GIVE MARVELOUS PERFORMANCES, THESE MEDIUM CHAPS!

NO ONE SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN YOU, SIR! YOU WERE THE GREATEST ACTOR WHO EVER STRODE THE BOARDS!
AH, YES, I WAS, WASN'T I? BUT I PRIDE MYSELF NOT ONLY IN MY PERFORMANCES, BUT ALSO IN THE FACT THAT I NEVER MISSED A PERFORMANCE, AND IN THE CINEMA, NEVER USED A STAND-IN! DIDN'T BELIEVE IN IT, BY JOVE!

THIS MEDIUM IS THE BEST EVER! WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE!
I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT! YOU SEE, HE'S ONE OF MY MEN! WE'RE TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO BREAK THIS SPOOK RACKET! HE'S AN ACTOR TOO AND SUPPOSED TO BE ONE OF THE FINEST MIMICS AROUND TODAY!

HE IS THAT! MIMICED THE VOICE OF MY DEAD, BELOVED FLORA PERFECTLY! YOU CHAPS DON'T MISS A TRICK, DO YOU? WELL, I MUST BE OFF!
GOOD-NIGHT, SIR!

HE'S NOTED FOR NEVER HAVING MISSED A PERFORMANCE OR USING A STAND-IN, ISN'T HE, INSPECTOR?
YES! BUT HE'S NOTED FOR MORE THAN THAT! HE AMASSED A GREAT FORTUNE BY VERY UNSAVORY WAYS! THE MAN WAS A GREAT ACTOR AND A GREATER SCAMP!

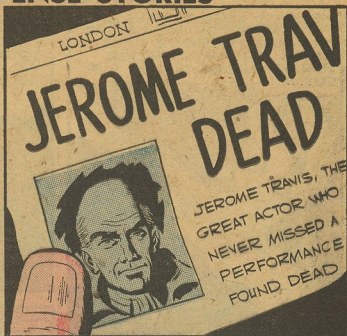
JEROME TRAVIS WENDED HIS WAY HOME TO THE GREAT, GLOOMY MANSION...

THE OTHERS ARE ALL IN, I SUPPOSE?
YES, SIR! ALL YOUR RELATIVES ARE STILL HERE, NARY A ONE LEFT!

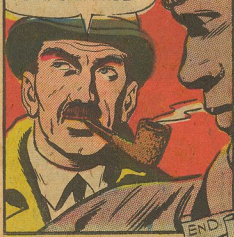
NO, NONE OF THEM 'WILL LEAVE, EITHER! THEY WAIT LIKE GLUTTONS... WAITING FOR ME TO DIE SO THEY CAN FIGHT FOR SHARES OF MY WEALTH!

HA! DRINK MY LIQUOR, EAT MY FOOD! AND WAIT... WAIT FOR MY DEATH AND WAIT IN VAIN! I SHALL OUTLIVE YOU ALL, MISBEGOTTEN RAVENS!

UNCLE, PLEASE DON'T SAY SUCH THINGS! WE'RE JUST HERE BECAUSE WE'RE ANXIOUS ABOUT YOUR WELFARE! AN OLD MAN NEEDS...
STOW IT, ALFY! THE OL' PIRATE KNOWS VERY WELL WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR!

HE MIGHT OUTLAST US ALL AT THAT! HEALTHY AS A SWEEPSTAKES HORSE, HE IS!
NOW, NOW, DON'T SAY SUCH GLOOMY WORDS! EVERYONE'S GOT TO GO SOMETIME... EVEN 'IM!

INSPECTOR FAINE SUSPECTED FOUL PLAY, DUE TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES, BUT COULD FIND NO CLUE TO SUBSTANCIATE HIS SUSPICION...

INSPECTOR FAINE SMILED QUEERLY, AND IN THAT MOMENT THERE WAS BORN WITHIN HIM NEW KNOWLEDGE AND A NEW CONCEPT OF LIFE... AND DEATH...

NEVER MIND! WE MADE OUR ARREST! YOU SEE, THE STAR OF THIS STRANGE DRAMA HIMSELF APPEARED... AND GAVE, AS USUAL, A GREAT PERFORMANCE!

END

BUT FOR BLUEY

When I tell you my name is George Morrison then I am certain you will recognize me. Let any suspenseful event take place, and there you find George Morrison with the microphone in his hand ready to broadcast to millions of people in this country. Remember the time the big refinery burnt down? There was George Morrison in a special asbestos fire proof suit getting for his public, a description of how 25 million dollars of equipment can go up in flame.

Or perhaps my best dramatic story was the time the submarine Wolfhound sunk off the coast. I went down in a diver's suit and told a waiting public how the rescue work was going. Such things as flying over an active volcano or interviewing a man trapped in a mine are just child's play for me.

And of course you must have read my series of articles about my adventures with the Head Hunters of Borneo. But the strangest of all adventures is the one that happened to me. Let us say that it starts with a cat called Bluey. I happen to like cats. I picked up Bluey in an alley one day. Took home that poor, half starved cat, gave it a good bath and fed her some grade A milk. Bluey stayed at my house for about three weeks. Aunt Emma was my house keeper and a most observant woman.

"That cat actually seems grateful to you," she remarked. "You will break her heart if you give her away."

But I had to make trips across the country and I thought it best to give Bluey away. But to whom? Joe and Helen Witlow had come down from their fishing station to see me. Often I would run up to their place for a week of fishing, take a dory out and head for the open sea. There was some good fluke fishing away from the coast and good flounder fishing near the coast. Helen happened to be my own sister so there wasn't a thing I could refuse her. Even when she saw Bluey and said to me that she would like to have the cat.

"I know you will take good care of her," I replied. "But only if you make me a solemn promise. I can't think of poor Bluey being an alley cat again. So if you should lose Bluey then you must go and look for her."

Helen promised so she and Joe took the cat home with them. Whenever I would visit Borrowsville, the cat would jump right into my waiting arms.

"That cat really has a deep affection for you," admitted Helen. "I feel terrible taking her away from you. Strange as it may seem she actually knows your picture and rests in front of it for hours."

Then came that Thursday morning. I was really tired and needed a week's vacation. But I had to leave my schedule with Dave Garley so that I could be contacted in an emergency. I carried a special short wave set in my car.

"I'll be at Joe Bleeker's hunting lodge," I informed Dave. "We will do some hunting together. Just want to take it easy for a week. Unless it really is something big, let Pete handle it."

To get to Joe Bleeker's place I had to take the new highway that had been built. Exit 36 took you to Borrowsville. I thought I might as well drop in and see Helen and Joe. Twenty minutes later I was at their place. But they were getting into a loaded car.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing," explained Joe. "I did a design for a new kind of rowboat for the Kilson Boat Company. They sent me a nice check and asked me to come out there for two weeks and help

set it up in production. Business is slow this time of the year at the fishing station. The fluke are running, south of Bend's Point."

You probably have guessed that my one big weakness in life is fishing. Joe took one look at me and laughed.

"Here's an extra set of keys. You know the set up. Take the big boat with the outboard motor. That forty horsepower job will see you through any kind of weather or water."

Soon Joe and Helen were on their way. It was such a clear day. A few hours fishing would do me a lot of good. I parked the car in the open breezeway and soon I was ready for fishing. I had two fishing poles, all the bait needed, and a spare can of fuel. I cast off from the dock and was headed for the open sea at half speed. The salt air was good for my brains and whatever it was that ached inside.

Let me tell you that inside of three hours I had hooked and brought into the boat a dozen big flukes. Doormats are what we call them at that size. The sun was setting. I figured on going back at full speed. I started the motor but nothing happened. Again and again I tried the electric starter. I checked the gas tank and it was about a quarter full. What could be wrong? Maybe the spark plugs were wet? Perhaps there was some clogging in the gas line? Let me admit right here that my knowledge of those motors was very limited.

After two hours of trying a lot of things I realized two sad points. One was that I could do nothing with the motor. Second that anchor or no anchor I was a-drift with the current. Land wasn't in sight. There were two emergency oars in the boat but you would need at least two men to each oar to row and steer a boat this size.

When it got dark I really got worried. Aunt Emma had fixed something to eat for me when I left in the car. She always insisted I have some food and also a vacuum bottle of orange juice This I had with me in the boat. I was hungry and the food soon vanished. During the night I saw no lights of any passing boats. Nor did I see any lights that might give me a clue to where there was land. Sure the north star was above. The boat was moving slowly with the current and soon I fell asleep from sheer fatigue.

In the morning I awoke hungry and thirsty. The ocean can be a rather wide and empty space. I looked up into the sky. Perhaps there would be a plane. I had an idea about dipping my shirt into the spare can of fuel. Then attaching it to the oar and setting it on fire. This certainly would attract attention. I could get help.

But could I? Suddenly my heart almost stopped beating. What a fool I was! Who would know I was missing? As far as the office was concerned I was on my way to Joe Bleeker's hunting lodge. Suppose they did try to contact me in an emergency with my short wave set in the car. So all they could figure out was that they couldn't get me. Who would know I was at the fishing station? Suppose the office did contact Aunt Emma and she called up the fishing station. There would be no answer and they would figure the place was closed. As for Helen and Joe, how would they know what had happened to me?

I can't remember whether I laughed or cried at the peculiar situation in which I found myself. Definitely I did tell this to myself: "What's the matter with you, George Morrison? Get a hold on yourself. If you figure out how to survive, sooner or later you will be found."

So calm down. I had the raw fluke with me and I skinned two of them and ate them that way. That satisfied my hunger but not my thirst. Then I got ready with my idea about dipping my shirt into the spare can of fuel. This I did and attached it to an oar. I waited and waited. For no reason that I can explain, I suddenly felt there would be a rescue attempt. I did see two planes in the sky. I set fire to my shirt with my cigarette lighter. Waved it in the air. The planes came down lower and lower and circled around me.

Five hours later a Coast Guard boat arrived. They took me aboard and took my boat in tow. The commander watched me drink a big jug full of water.

"You were away from the regular boat lanes," he told me. "We had those two planes out searching for you. Your sister came back and saw your car. Realized something must have gone wrong with the boat. Then she contacted the Coast Guard Station."

But it wasn't as simple as all of that. For Helen and Joe filled me in on the rest of the details.

"We stopped at a motel at sundown," said Helen. "Bluey just looked at us and then went to the car. We brought him back. He got out a second time and we heard him."

"So I tied her up," interrupted Joe. "Bluey got out and we were puzzled. Something was wrong. Bluey started to head back home. Sure, it didn't make sense. A cat telling us that we had to return. Helen reminded me about her promise. Not to lose the cat. So we checked out of the motel and Bluey understood. When we came back here, Bluey dashed right out of our car and went to your car."

Bluey is with me again and we will never part. There's a bond between the two of us that I can't explain. I am certain you would feel the same way towards any cat that saved your life!

THE END

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

SALUTATIONS, DELIGHTFULLY, DELECTABLE, DIETERS! SO YOU'VE GOT FOOD ON THE BRAIN, EH? TRYING TO LOSE WEIGHT, OR GAIN IT, MAYBE? WELL LEAVE IT TO YOUR OLD GRANDMA TO COME UP WITH A TALE THAT'S TIMELY, WITH A TASTY TIDBIT JUST CHUCK FULL OF COOL CALORIES! CLIMB ON YOUR SCALES, NIBBLE O SALT-FREE CANDY BAR AND LET'S DELVE INTO THE TRUE ST OF...

JACK SPRATT

YUMMY, JUST YUMMY....

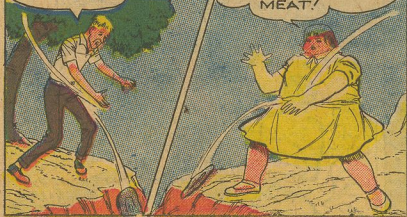
DELICIOUS, (CHOMP, BITE, CHEW) SIMPLY DELICIOUS!

SEDIMENT COOK BOOK

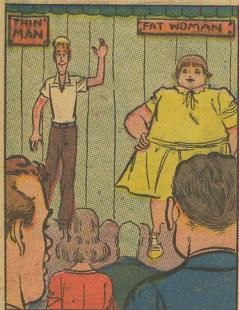
SOUR CREAM

BELLE E ACHE PEARS

OKAY, OKAY YET, SO EVERYBODY KNOWS THE OLD BUSINESS ABOUT JACK SPRATT COULD EAT NO FAT, AND HIS WIFE (IRMA WAS HER NAME) COULD EAT NO LEAN...

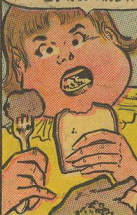
AND STARVE THEY ALMOST DID, AS MONTH AFTER MONTH, DAY IN, DAY OUT, NEITHER COULD FIND THE KIND OF FOOD HE OR SHE COULD EAT...

YES, SURE, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ASKING -- WHY DIDN'T THEY JUST EXCHANGE FOODS? THAT'S SIMPLE: THEY WERE STOOPID! REAL STOOPID! AND NOT ONLY THAT, THEY WEREN'T VERY SMART! ANYHOO, JUST AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO GIVE UP HOPE OF EVER EATING AGAIN, T.P. BARNUMB, WORLD FAMOUS CIRCUS OWNER CAME TO THEIR RESCUE...

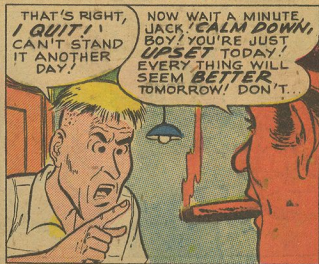
THEIR FACES FINALLY FILLED, OUR HERO AND HEROINE LOOKED AT THEIR BENEFACTOR GRATEFULLY...

AND WHAT WERE THE JOBS? WELL NATCH, WHAT ELSE...

AND SO THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER... BUT, WHOAUP, PALS, T'AIN'T SO! INSTEAD OF BEING HAPPY IN THEIR NEW SURROUNDINGS, BOTH JACK AND IRMA FOUND THEMSELVES TERRIBLY DISSATISFIED: DISSATISFIED WITH EACH OTHER...

AT FIRST THEY KEPT THEIR THOUGHTS SILENT FROM ONE ANOTHER BOTH TRYING IN THEIR OWN WAY TO GET THE OTHER TO CHANGE...

BUT EACH BALKED AT THE OTHER'S ATTEMPTS, AND SOON THE FIGHT WAS OUT IN THE OPEN...

IT WAS A STALEMATE: IN DEFIANCE IRMA ATE MORE, AND JACK ATE LESS...

ONLY T. P. BARNUMB WAS HAPPY! IRMA BECAME THE COUNTRY'S FATTEST FAT WOMAN, AND JACK BECAME THE COUNTRY'S THINNEST THIN MAN! THEIR BOOTHS WERE THE MOST CROWDED ON THE CIRCUS MIDWAY!

BUT SUCH A SITUATION COULD NOT LAST INDEFINITELY, CHUMS! SOMETHING HADDA GIVE... AND IT DID! IN A FURY OF RAGE AT IRMA, JACK TURNED IN HIS RESIGNATION...

BUT HIS ARGUMENT FELL ON DEAF EARS, AND BARNUMB HAD TO WATCH HELPLESSLY AS ONE OF HIS TWO STAR ATTRACTIONS STALKED OUT THE DOOR...

AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, NOT FIVE MINUTES AFTER JACK LEFT, IRMA APPEARED IN BARNUMB'S OFFICE WITH THE SAME WORDS...

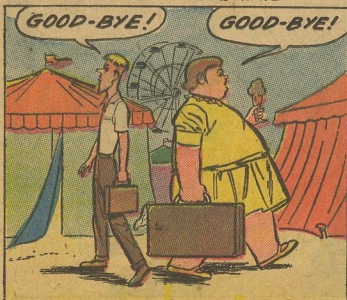
YOU HEARD ME, I SAID I QUIT! I'M GOING OFF BY MYSELF WHERE I CAN EAT TO MY STOMACH'S CONTENT! I'M TOO MISERABLE TO STAY HERE ANOTHER MINUTE!

IRMA, NO! NO! YOU CAN'T!

BUT SHE COULD...AND DID! BARNUMB LOST BOTH HIS STARS

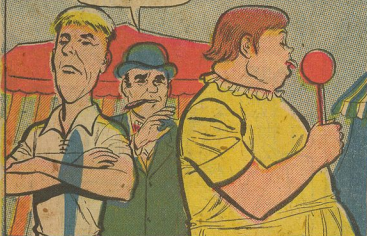
PHOOEY... TOO SKINNY!

IN COLD SILENT ANGER, JACK AND IRMA PACKED THEIR SUITCASES AND PREPARED TO GO THEIR TWO SEPERATE WAYS...

BUT THEY HAD GONE NO MORE THAN TWO STEPS IN THEIR DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS, WHEN THE VOICE OF T. P. BARNUMB BROUGHT THEM TO A GRUDGING HALT...

AND SO THEY LISTENED... AND LISTENED... AND LISTENED...

SILENTLY, AT MIDNIGHT, THREE FIGURES ENTERED THE DESERTED CIRCUS SPOOK HOUSE... BARNUMB LED THE WAY WITH A LIGHTED TORCH...

I...I'M SCARED, JACK! T-THAT SKELETON... AND THE BATS...

DON'T BE SILLY, IRMA! YOU KNOW NONE OF THAT STUFF IS REAL! THE SKELETON'S MADE OF WOOD... AND THE BATS ARE MADE OF COTTON!

DEEPER AND DEEPER THEY WENT INTO THE TOTAL DARKNESS... UNTIL THEY SAW A YELLOW-GREEN GLOW BEFORE THEM...

THAT'S HER UP AHEAD! IRMA AND I WILL WAIT HERE, JACK! YOU GO FIRST... AND WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH SHE'LL LEAD YOU OUT THE BACK WAY!

THIS IS NUTTY, T.P.! I DON'T SEE HOW...

BUT REMEMBERING HIS PROMISE OF LONG AGO TO DO ANYTHING FOR BARNUMB, JACK HALTED HIS OBJECTION AND DID AS HE'D BEEN TOLD...

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, JACK DISAPPEARED OUT THE BACK ENTRANCE OF THE SPOOK HOUSE, AND IRMA, SHAKING WITH FEAR, STOOD BEFORE THE FIGURE IN WHITE...

T.P. BARNUMB WAITED UNTIL THE FIGURE HAD FINISHED WITH IRMA, AND THEN WHEN SHE TOO HAD GONE, HE MADE HIS WAY TO THE LITTLE TABLE...

YEAH, GOOD IDEA! OKAY, KIDDO, HERE'S THE *FIVE HUNDRED* I PROMISED YOU FOR FLYING DOWN FROM BUFFALO! YOU GOTTA ADMIT, SALLY, OLD T.P. BARNUMB NEVER GIVES UP! CALLING YOU TO COME DOWN HERE AND *HYPNOTIZE THOSE TWO* WAS *SHEER GENIUS!* NOW THEY'LL NEVER LEAVE THE CIRCUS!

SHEER GENIUS, T.P.!

WHISTLING SOFTLY TO HIMSELF, T.P. MADE HIS WAY TO THE SPRATTS WAGON, AND THERE HE HEARD JUST WHAT HE'D PAID FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO HEAR...

T.P. BARNUMB SLEPT WELL THAT NIGHT, DREAMS OF DOLLAR BILLS FLOATING IN HIS HEAD! IT WAS ONLY IN THE MORNING THAT HIS SLEEP WAS INTERRUPTED BY LOUD SHOUTS FROM THE MIDWAY...

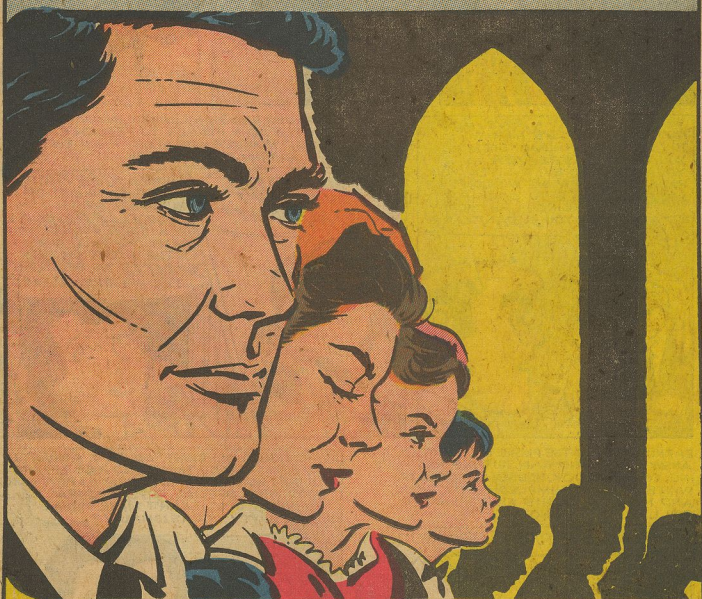
WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO *THANK* YOU, T.P.! YOU ARRANGED A *MIRACLE!*

YOU'RE A *FINE, GENEROUS* MAN, MR. BARNUMB! THE MOST *UNSELFISH* MAN WHO EVER LIVED! YOU KNEW WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO WORK FOR THE CIRCUS ANYMORE, BUT YOU *DIDN'T* CARE!

I... I...

STUNNED, ENRAGED AND BEWILDERED, BARNUMB IMMEDIATELY PLACED A PERSON TO PERSON CALL TO SALLY ASHTON, "WORLD'S GREATEST HYPNOTIST" IN BUFFALO, NEW YORK...

BARNUMB THREW THE PHONE DOWN WITHOUT ANSWERING, AND RAN, HUFFING AND PUFFING TO THE SPOOK HOUSE! HE FOUND THE WHITE SHEET CRUMPLED ON THE DESK, AND NEXT TO IT, HIS FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND A NOTE...

Find the strength for your life...

Religion In American Life Program

WORSHIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK

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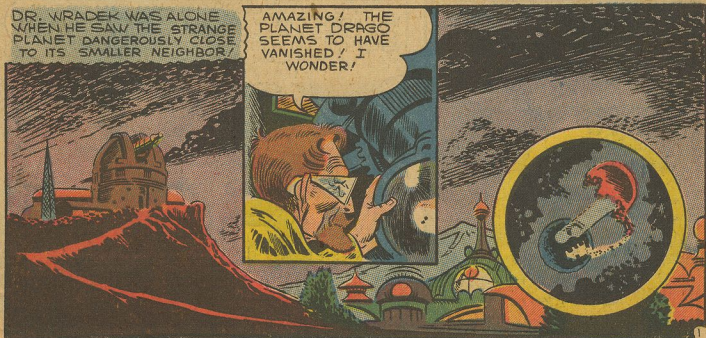
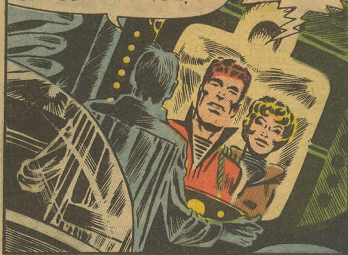
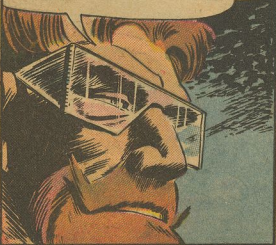
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

MYSTERY PLANET

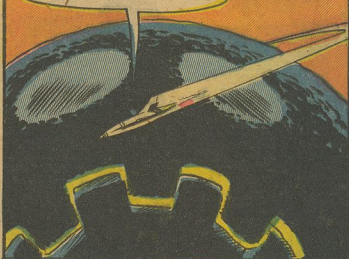
IN COUNTLESS OBSERVATORIES ALL OVER THE PLANET EARTH, MEN SCANNED THE SKIES, PROBING THE MYSTERIES OF UNKNOWN WORLDS, WATCHING THE GALAXIES ALREADY CHARTED AND EXPLORED BY OUR SPACE SERVICE! ONLY ONE MAN, DR. ANTON WRADEK, RECEIVED ALL THE ASTRONOMERS' REPORTS... AND IT WAS HE WHO FIRST WITNESSED THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET IN ACTION -- BUT LATER, COMMANDER BRYAN BODINE SAW IT REPEATED... AND THEN FELT THE GIGANTIC MAW ENGULF HIS SPACE SHIP TOO...

COMMANDER, CANCEL YOUR PLANS FOR YOUR LIBRA TRIP--GET IN HERE AT ONCE AND BRING YOUR NAVIGATION OFFICER WITH YOU!
SHE'S WITH ME NOW, SIR! WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

COMMANDER BODINE AND NAVIGATION TECHNICIAN NEDRA WERE ON THEIR WAY A MOMENT LATER...
DR. WRADEK SOUNDED EXCITED! IF THIS IS DANGEROUS, NEDRA, I'M GOING TO ASK FOR ANOTHER NAVIGATOR!
IF YOU DO, YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT TAKING ME TO DINNER TONIGHT--OR ANY OTHER TIME!

I'M GLAD YOU WERE PROMPT, BODINE! YOU HAD NO TROUBLE FINDING NEDRA, EH?
I DON'T GET VERY FAR FROM HIM, DOCTOR! I'M A DESIGNING FEMALE, REMEMBER?

HERE'S THE PROBLEM, COMMANDER! THERE'S AN INTRUDER PLANET OUT THERE -- IT MOVES FROM ONE GALAXY TO ANOTHER! ACCORDING TO MY OBSERVATIONS, IT SHOULD BE A DEAD PLANET-- BUT IT ISN'T!

IT ATOMIZES AND TAKES IN ALL OBJECTS THAT IT APPROACHES, PROBABLY TO FEED ATOMIC REACTORS THAT HAVE ALREADY BURNED THE HEART FROM THIS STRANGE PLANET! YOUR MISSION IS TO...

...FIND AND LEARN WHAT YOU CAN OF THE INTRUDER! RELAY BY RADIO ALL INFORMATION! YOUR CHANCES OF SURVIVING THIS MISSION ARE SLIGHT, SO IF EITHER OF YOU WISHES, YOU CAN REFUSE!

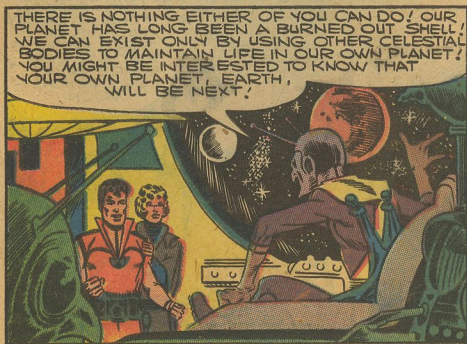
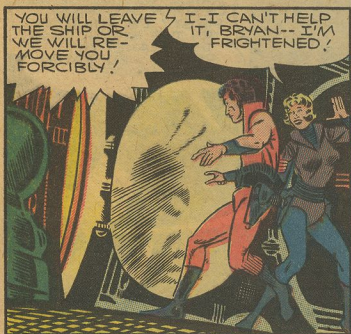
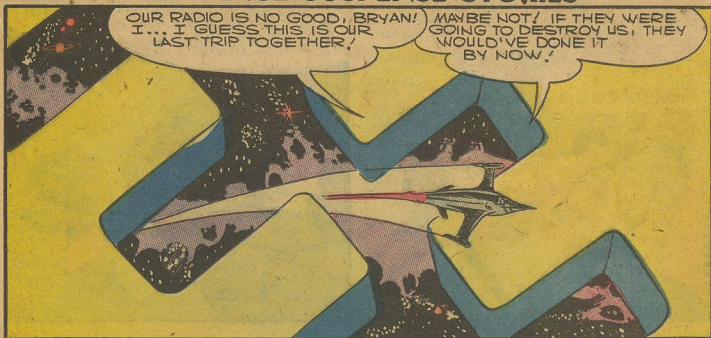
THE GIANT ROCKET SHIP, EMPTIED OF CARGO AND ARMAMENT TO CARRY EXTRA FUEL, BLASTED OFF...

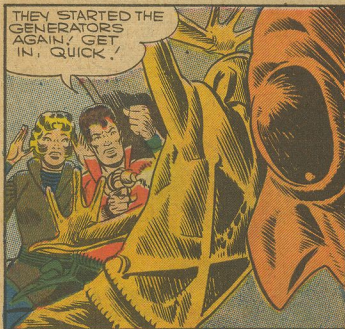
THE SPACE SHIP FROM EARTH CRUISED THE OUTER RIM OF EARTH'S SOLAR SYSTEM FOR DAYS, THEN WEEKS! FUEL WAS RUNNING LOW ... THEN...

MOVING SLOWLY, COMMANDER BODINE AND NEDRA COULD ALMOST FEEL THE HEARTBEAT OF THE PLANET ...AND THEN THEY HEARD THE HIGH PITCHED WHINE OF HUGE GENERATORS...

OUR RADIO IS NO GOOD, BRYAN! I... I GUESS THIS IS OUR LAST TRIP TOGETHER!
MAYBE NOT! IF THEY WERE GOING TO DESTROY US, THEY WOULD'VE DONE IT BY NOW!

YOU WILL LEAVE THE SHIP OR WE WILL REMOVE YOU FORCIBLY!
I-I CAN'T HELP IT, BRYAN-- I'M FRIGHTENED!

IT'S NO USE TRYING TO HURT THEM, NEDRA! THAT BLUE RAY OF THEIRS IS TOO POWERFUL!
I...I CAN'T MOVE MY ARM! WHAT WILL WE DO, BRYAN?

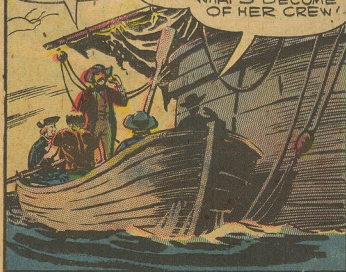
THERE IS NOTHING EITHER OF YOU CAN DO! OUR PLANET HAS LONG BEEN A BURNED OUT SHELL! WE CAN EXIST ONLY BY USING OTHER CELESTIAL BODIES TO MAINTAIN LIFE IN OUR OWN PLANET! YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT YOUR OWN PLANET, EARTH, WILL BE NEXT!

LOOK! WE'RE CLOSER TO EARTH! WHAT CAN WE DO?
YOU HEARD THAT THING! WE CAN DO NOTHING! NOTHING, UNLESS...

COMMANDER BODINE, A MASTER ENGINEER, HAD EXAMINED THE CON-TROLS! HE DEDUCED THAT ONE SWITCH WOULD CONTROL THE MASTER GENERATORS AND...

COMMANDER BODINE AIMED THE SHOCK RAYS... THEN PRESSED THE FIRING BUTTON JUST AS THE PLANET'S BLUE RAYS CAME ON FULL STRENGTH..

The GHOSTLY WANDERER

ON OCTOBER 19, 1823, THE HARBOR OF PORT AU PRINCE BUBBLED WITH EXCITEMENT AND GAIETY AS THE "WANDERER", THE FIRST SHIP EVER BUILT IN HAITI, STOOD READY FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO THE FAR EAST!

S3290

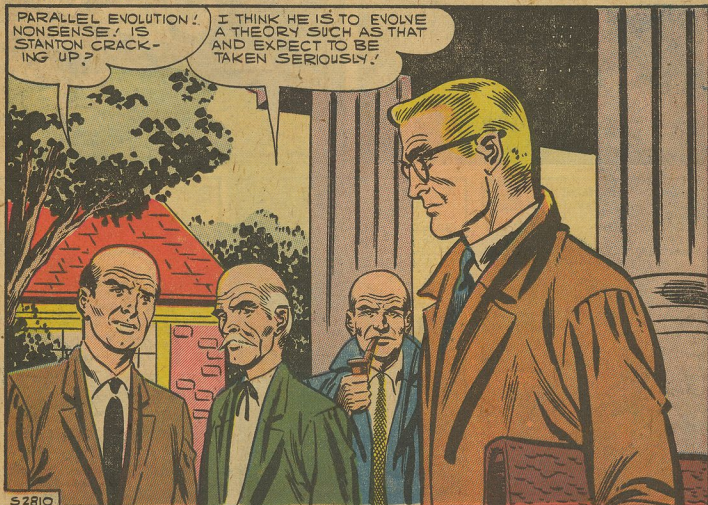
BUT TWO YEARS LATER, OCTOBER 19, 1825, TO THE DAY, SUDDENLY THERE APPEARED...

THE QUESTION HAS NEVER BEEN ANSWERED! MORE THAN A CENTURY HAS PASSED... BUT WE CAN STILL ONLY WONDER ABOUT THE MYSTEROUS FATE THE CREW MET AND MARVEL AT HOW THE DRIFTING HULK FOUND ITS WAY HOME, UNMANNED!

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

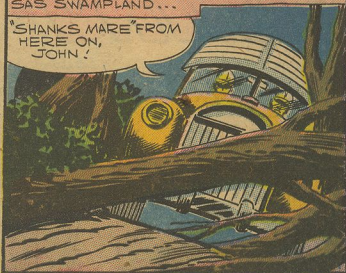
The THING in the SWAMP

HE LEFT THE LECTURE HALL HEARING THE WHISPERS, THE JEERS OF HIS COLLEAGUES BEHIND HIM! HE COULDN'T TELL THEM HOW OR WHY HE KNEW HIS THEORY WAS TRUE, HE COULDN'T TELL THEM OF THAT FALL DAY MANY YEARS AGO, AND OF THE THING IN THE SWAMP!

PARALLEL EVOLUTION! NONSENSE! IS STANTON CRACKING UP?

I THINK HE IS TO EVOLVE A THEORY SUCH AS THAT AND EXPECT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY!

S2810

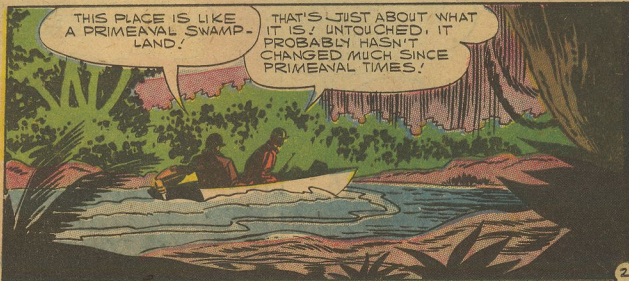
HIS MIND DRIFTED BACK TO THAT DAY WHICH WAS BURNED LIKE A BRAND IN HIS MIND...

MANY YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE THAT DAY BUT HE RECALLED EVERY DETAIL VIVIDLY! HE AND CHARLIE IN THE CAR, DRIVING TOWARD THAT LAKE DEEP IN THE ARKANSAS SWAMPLAND...
"SHANKS MARE" FROM HERE ON, JOHN!

LUCKILY THE BOAT'S ALUMINUM! ONE THING SURE, WE WON'T RUN INTO ANY OTHER DUCK HUNTERS AT THIS SPOT!
YOU'RE SO RIGHT! I STUMBLED OVER THIS LAKE BY ACCIDENT!

I'LL CACHE THE BOAT AND EXTRA GAS ON THE EDGE OF THE LAKE! LIKE TO EXPLORE IT SOME-TIME!
GOOD IDEA! ALL I KNOW ABOUT IT IS THAT DUCKS COME DOWN IN DROVES TO FEED ON THAT WILD RICE THAT GROWS THERE!

EVEN THE NATIVES NEVER GO THERE! MOST OF THEM HAVEN'T BEEN THAT DEEP IN THE SWAMP TO EVEN KNOW IT'S THERE!

HALF AN HOUR LATER THEY WERE IN THE WATER-WAY THAT LED TO THE LAKE...

THIS PLACE IS LIKE A PRIMEAVAL SWAMP-LAND!
THAT'S JUST ABOUT WHAT IT IS! UNTOUCHED, IT PROBABLY HASN'T CHANGED MUCH SINCE PRIMEAVAL TIMES!

IT STILL LACKED A FEW MINUTES BEFORE DAWN WHEN THEY ENTERED THE LAKE...

CUT THE MOTOR SO WE DON'T SCARE THE DUCKS! WE'LL POLE FROM NOW ON!
I'LL PULL US INTO THE SHORE! YOU CAN CACHE THAT GAS AND WE'LL BUILD A BLIND AROUND THE BOAT!

DAWN WAS JUST STREAKING THE SKY WHEN THEY FINISHED AND SAT IN THE BOAT BEHIND THEIR QUICKLY MADE BLIND...
HERE THEY COME! CHARLIE, WATCH THAT CIGARETTE WITH THE GAS SO CLOSE!

BAM!
BLAM!

THEY DROPPED JUST BEYOND THAT RAISE OF WILD RICE!

THAT'S STRANGE! NOT A DUCK IN SIGHT! I KNOW THEY DROPPED HERE!
AND THERE'S NO UNDERCURRENT TO CARRY THEM AWAY... HEY, HERE COMES ANOTHER FLIGHT!

DROPPED THEM RIGHT NEAR WHERE WE CACHED THE GAS! HANDY!
THIS TIME WE'LL GET THERE BEFORE THEY DISAPPEAR AGAIN!

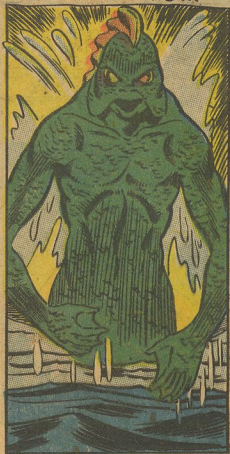
THERE THEY ARE! I THOUGHT WE DROPPED MORE THAN THREE!
SO DID I! YOU GET THEM!

HE WAS REACHING WHEN HE SAW THE MOVEMENT UNDER THE SURFACE OF THE WATER... SAW THE HUGE, SCALEY HAND REACH FROM BENEATH AND GRAB THE DUCK...

HE THOUGHT HE HADN'T SEEN RIGHT... A TRICK OF THE LIGHT ON THE WATER! YET, A STRANGE FEELING PASSED OVER HIM LIKE A PREMONITION...
HEY, JOHN, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THEN THE WATER CHURNED AND OUT OF THE SWAMP ROSE --THE THING...

HUGE, SWAMP WATER DRIP-PING FROM ITS SCALEY BODY, ITS GILLS FANNING QUICKLY, A TREMENDOUS, FISH-LIKE PARODY OF A HUMAN BEING...

HE REMEMBERED CHARLEY SCREAMING, THEN THEY HAD LEAPED TO THE SHORE AND RUN -- LIKE MADMEN THROUGH THAT PRIMITIVE SWAMP...

THEY HAD RUN UNTIL BREATH FAILED THEM!

JOHN, W-WHAT WAS IT?
I'VE BEEN THINKING OF THAT AS WE RAN! I CAN THINK OF ONLY ONE LOGICAL EXPLANATION, AND IT FITS A THEORY THAT HAS BEEN IN MIND FOR SOME TIME!

MAN EVOLVED FROM A CREATURE WHICH CLIMBED OUT OF THE OOZE OF THE PRIMORDIAL SWAMP TO LAND! WHY COULDN'T SOME OF THEM HAVE STAYED BEHIND, IN THE WATER, AND HAD A PARALLEL EVOLUTION TO MAN'S... BECAME FISH BEINGS INSTEAD OF HUMAN BEINGS?
Y-YOU THINK THERE MAY BE MORE OF THEM?

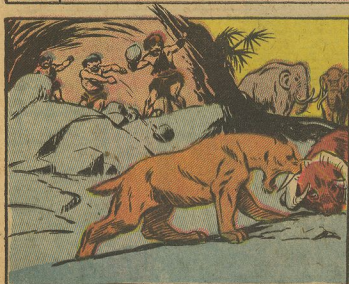
PROBABLY! WHAT WAS THAT? CHARLIE, YOUR CIGARETTE...
I DROPPED IT AND IT MUST'VE FIRED THE GRASS AND THEN THE GASOLINE! THE LAKE WILL BE A MASS OF FLAMES!
WHAM!

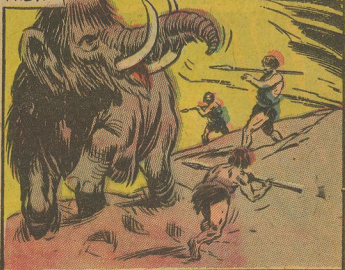
THAT BLAST MUST HAVE DESTROYED THEM! CHARLIE, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

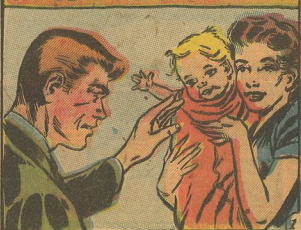
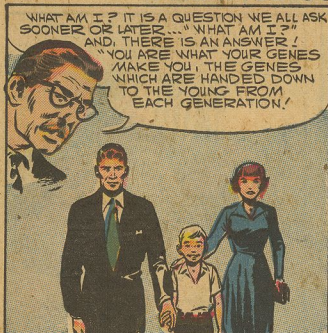
THEY NEVER SPOKE OF IT AGAIN! CHARLIE HAD DRIFTED AWAY AFTER THAT, A MAN WITH HAUNTED EYES! JOHN HAD NEVER GONE HUNTING AGAIN...
EVER SINCE THEN I WANT TO BE WHERE THERE ARE PEOPLE... NEVER BE ALONE OR IN THE WOODS OR WATER... ESPECIALLY NEAR SWAMP WATER!

SO THEY LAUGH AT MY THEORY OF PARALLEL EVOLUTION! IF I TOLD THEM WHAT I'D SEEN... NO! THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE! THEY'D SAY I WAS REALLY CRAZY THEN! BUT I KNOW... I KNOW!
END

IN THE DIM MISTS OF TIME, PERHAPS HALF A MILLION YEARS AGO A GROUND APE SKULKED THROUGH THE FORESTS OF THE PLEISTOCENE AGE...

S 3011

THEY LIVED AND HAD TO SURVIVE DURING THE AGE OF MAMMOTHS, GIANT WILD-CATTLE, MONSTER BEAVERS AND SABRE-TOOTHED TIGERS...

THEY HAD TO SURVIVE THROUGH THE GLACIAL AGE, FIGHTING THE FORCES OF NATURE AS WELL AS THE BEASTS WHO SOUGHT THEM FOR PREY...

AND SURVIVE THEY DID! FOR ANIMALS MUST ADAPT TO NEW ENVIRONMENT BY MUTATION, OR DIE. BUT THESE SUB-HUMANS USED THEIR INTELLIGENCE TO CREATE WAYS OF SURVIVAL! AND THROUGH THE AGES THEY SURVIVED AND EVOLVED, CHANGING AS THEIR INTELLIGENCE GREW...

AND SO FROM THE AGES, FROM THE GROUND APE THAT FIRST STEPPED INTO THE SOCIAL CORRIDOR OF TIME, THE "THINKING APE", CAME MAN, THE ALL POWERFUL, RULER OF THE PLANET EARTH, MAN, WHO SURVIVED THROUGH INTELLIGENCE... WHO CAN ONLY BE CONQUERED BY --HIMSELF...

WHAT ARE GENES? THERE ARE SMALL PACKETS WHICH LOOK LIKE A STRING OF BEADS, PAIRED AND THEY CONTROL YOUR APPEARANCE, CHARACTER AND MENTAL AND PHYSICAL SELF! THE STORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THIS SCIENCE OF LIFE IS THE MOST DRAMATIC IN SCIENTIFIC HISTORY...

NO, THE SCIENCE OF GENETICS WAS NOT DISCOVERED IN SOME FINE, ENDOWED LABORATORY! THE SCENE INSTEAD WAS A SMALL, DIRT GARDEN IN MORAVIA, NOW A PART OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA...

HERE JOHANN GREGOR MENDEL, A MORAVIAN MONK, PLANTED AND CROSSED MANY VARIETIES OF COMMON GARDEN PEAS AND RECORDED THE DIFFERENCES THAT OCCURRED THROUGH MANY GENERATIONS...

IN 1865, THIS BRILLIANT MAN READ HIS FINDINGS OF THE LAWS OF INHERITANCE BEFORE A LOCAL SOCIETY WHICH PUBLISHED IT IN THEIR OBSCURE JOURNAL...

MENDEL'S THEORY OF INHERITANCE, WHICH CONTAINED THE FUNDAMENTAL LAWS OF ALL GENETICS, WAS FORGOTTEN FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AND THE MOST IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY OF THE 19th CENTURY LOST TO MANKIND...

THEN, IN 1900, SIXTEEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH, MENDEL'S WORK WAS DISCOVERED AND GIVEN TO THE WORLD AND GENETICS, THE SCIENCE OF LIFE AND HEREDITY WAS BORN, AND THE CRY OF MANKIND, "WHAT AM I?" COULD BE ANSWERED!

PAUL'S PILLS

On May first, Professor Paul Grant was practically a poor man when measured in terms of material wealth. He received a salary of $4200 a year from State University. He had exactly $231.87 in his savings account. He didn't have enough money for a checking account, so he used the ten cent service plan with the local bank every time he drew a check to pay a bill.

"You will never die rich as a teacher, "Helen Landan had gently warned him.

"But I don't want to die," he teased her. "I want to keep on living and make you Mrs. Grant."

Helen worked in the Dean's office as a combination typist and receptionist. She had managed to keep secret the fact that she was in love with a faculty member. So on May the first, when Professor Paul Grant wanted to go in to see the Dean, she shook her head. Then by using her eyes she signaled him to keep on walking. He followed the order and waited for her outside the Dean's office.

"Don't see him now, she warned her future husband. "He's as mad as they come. He didn't get the full amount of money he asked for from the Legislature, so that means he has to cut expenses. At the given moment he has decided not to renew your contract. Oh, that is terrible, Paul."

The Professor didn't blink an eye at the unexpected bad news. He planted a quick little kiss on the top of Helen's nose.

"I'm getting fed up with the work anyway," he remarked. "My experiment is about finished. I'm going up to the laboratory for an hour. Then I have my class in the afternoon. I'll pick you up at five this evening. There's a new little restaurant that just opened up on the Turnpike. We'll try it for supper."

At the very moment that he was speaking, Jim Elkins was deciding whether or not to stop and park his car outside State University. Had he gone on his way, who knows how things might have turned out for a Professor in love — and about to get fired.

"I want that new dress and you are going to buy it for me when we get home," warned Mrs. Elkins with determination in her voice.

So that simple statement made Jim Elkins park his car. He was a newspeper man and did a series of articles about the latest research results in the various fields of science.

"This Professor Grant is an expert in the field of nutrition," he told his wife. "I'll do an extra article and you get the money for a dress. Fair? Just remain in the car. You can do some knitting while I speak to the Professor. Give me a half hour and I'll be out."

Mrs. Elkins started on her knitting. It was going to be a sweater for herself. Little did she know that she was helping to change the life and destiny of Professor Paul Grant and Helen Landan. And incidentally, also for herself and her husband.

Five minutes later the efficient reporter was watching the Professor in his laboratory. He had shown him his credentials.

"What's new?" he asked.

"For the past three years I have been working on a nutrition pill," explained Professor Paul Grant. "You take one in the morning for breakfast, one in the afternoon for lunch, and one in the evening for supper. You get a month's supply in one bottle."

The newspaper man wasn't a bit enthusiastic about this statement, and he concealed his feelings. But to himself, he said:

"How can I do an article on this stuff? A lot

of scientists have been trying concentrated food pills and the army has a concentrated food bar you can eat in an emergency. Guess I will have to see Dr. Watson at Meadville College. He is working on a new vaccine."

He was about to leave the laboratory when he saw a turning prism. It was breaking up a ray of light and the resultant rays were then focused on a test tube.

"Looks like the prism I used when I was a kid," commented the reporter. "The kind that broke up a ray of light into Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange, and Red."

"Something like it but entirely different," corrected the Professor. "All other scientists are trying to make a concentrated food pill from foods we already grow. What a waste of time and energy. The Sun is the basis of all plant and animal growth. I have found out how to tap that source of energy and make my food pill. We will no longer need to grow vegetables, raise animals, or fish in the sea."

The reporter stopped dead in his tracks. He had almost missed the story of a lifetime. But more than that! He saw his big chance.

"Look," he said," When this pill of yours hits the outside world, what's going to happen will be something like a financial hurricane. You'll get offers not to put the pill on the market. You need a manager. A fellow with a lot of worldly knowledge on how to handle big business. Give me just one percent of the take. That ought to give me millions and you'll get billions. I have a pen. Give me a sheet of paper. We'll draw up the contract."

Three days later, Martin Infeld was about to address the Board of Directors of the United Meat Packing and Processing Company.

They were going to plan a thirty million dollar expansion program. His secretary came in and handed him a memo. He read it to himself but once: "New Food Pill by-paths all known foods. Hurry and do something. Dad."

The head of the Wheat Growers' Institute was about to leave on a golfing trip up state. He saw his assistant run up to him all out of breath.

"New Food Pill Just Discovered," he managed to say. "You don't have to use wheat for it."

The two looked at each other silently for a minute. Then the golf bag slid to the floor.

"We must see the inventor at once," he shouted. "I bet others are trying to get to him also."

The larger room was crowded with industrialists, bankers, government representatives, and lawyers from all over the country. Jim Elkins had given them all numbers.

"Mr. Peterson you may come inside and take three minutes to talk to the Professor."

A middle aged sad man followed Jim Elkins into an inner office. He came right to the point and spoke with sadness in his voice.

"I represent the dishware companies of the United States and Canada. If people use pills what will happen to our products? I understand you are willing to come to terms not to produce the pill. What is the price?"

"Five million dollars now, a five per cent interest in the industries, and a half million dollars every year."

The man was glad to get those terms. He left and a tall thin man then came into the office. He was angry.

"Have you any idea of how many people make a living by fishing? That includes those that work on the boats, those who work in the canneries, those who work in the distributive end, and also in the advertising field."

"The Professor's time is valuable," interrupted Jim Elkins. "We add another half million to the bill. You have to pay two and a half million down, a ten per cent interest in all the fishing companies, and a half million each year. Say a word and we double it.

He had no choice but to agree. Then a very stout man was next. His face was familiar to millions for he was the Prime Minister of a certain country not on very friendly terms with the United States.

"Half of my country makes a living through agricultural products," he began. "Think of the future. Be a real Professor and just forget it."

"On my terms I forget," replied Professor Paul Grant. "I have to address a joint session of Congress this afternoon. From your country I want a billion dollars in gold, ten million dollars every year, and you act friendly to the United States. Take more than one minute to say YES and there will be trouble."

"Yes," gulped the man who had the power of life and death over millions of trembling people in his home land.

It was a hard day for the Professor. For on May the 13, he was the richest man in the world with untold billions at his command. Late that evening he came home and kissed his wife, Helen.

"I am the happiest girl in the world," she told him. "Now say something in my ear."

"Of course I won't produce my pills," he whispered. "They are o.k. for twenty one days. After that they become fatal unless you shift to regular food. You don't want to hear that secret. What you want me to tell you is that I love you now and always will."

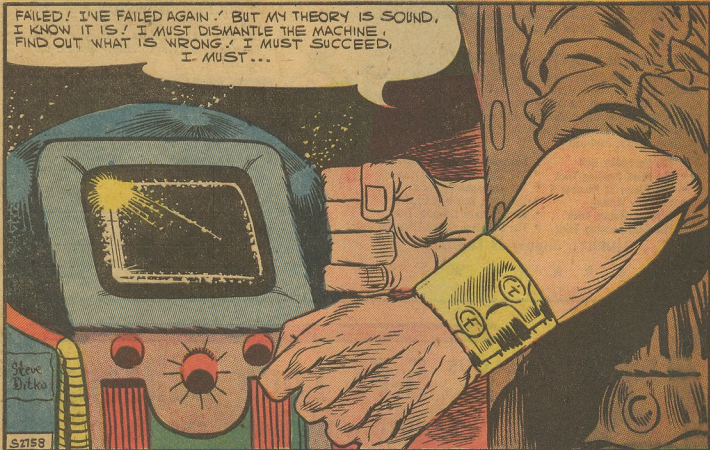
Let me just add that Jim Elkin's wife is also contented. He has millions in his bank account. In fact he just bought ten newspapers. And she just bought two hundred more new dresses.

THE END

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

FAILURE

KARL PHALEN WAS ONE OF THE MOST FOREMOST SCIENTISTS IN THE WORLD! BUT FOR YEARS HE HAD NOT BEEN HEARD FROM FOR HE WAS ENGAGED IN BUILDING THE SCIENTIFIC WONDER THAT HAD BEEN HIS LIFE'S WORK... A MACHINE WHICH COULD SEE INTO THE FUTURE! BUT HE HAD FORGOTTEN, IN HIS SCIENTIFIC ZEAL, AN OLD ADAGE... "THE FUTURE IS WHAT WE MAKE OF IT"!

FAILED! I'VE FAILED AGAIN! BUT MY THEORY IS SOUND, I KNOW IT IS! I MUST DISMANTLE THE MACHINE, FIND OUT WHAT IS WRONG! I MUST SUCCEED, I MUST...

Steve Ditko

S2758

SECONDLY CAME CARRUTHERS! BANKING WAS HIS BUSINESS, AND THROUGH HIS BANKS CONTROL OF MONIES ALL OVER THE WORLD...

AH, MESTER! NICE TO SEE YOU, OLD CHAP!

THE LAST OF THE TRIUMVERATE TO ARRIVE WAS FARIN WHO, FROM THE FAR EAST, CONTROLLED FOREIGN TRADE LIKE A SPIDER IN THE CENTER OF A WEB THAT STRETCHED FAR AND WIDE...
SALAAM! I HOPE YOU HAVE GOOD NEWS FOR US, PHALAN!

SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THE MACHINE, I MUST TEAR IT DOWN, GO OVER EVERY DELICATE INCH OF IT! PERHAPS BUILD NEW PARTS! THIS TIME IT WILL BE RIGHT! THIS TIME IT WILL WORK!
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU SAID THAT, OLD MAN? BUT EVERY TIME YOU FAIL!

YOU NEED MORE MONEY, EH? SO FAR AS I AM CONCERNED THE ANSWER IS, NO! I AM NOW CONVINCED YOU ARE BUT A VISIONARY!
A FAILURE! THAT IS WHAT HE IS! BAH, I WITHDRAW MY BACKING OF THIS FOOLISH VENTURE!

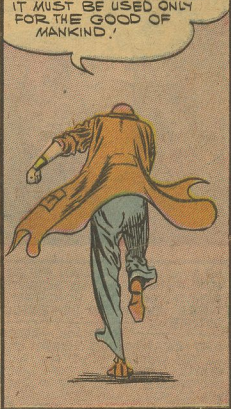
SORRY, OLD CHAP! I MUST GO ALONG WITH THE REST! FAILURE IS NOT IN OUR LINE, Y'KNOW!
BUT, IT IS MY LIFE'S WORK! I CANNOT STOP NOW ON THE VERY BRINK OF SUCCESS!

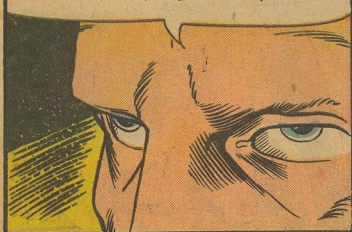
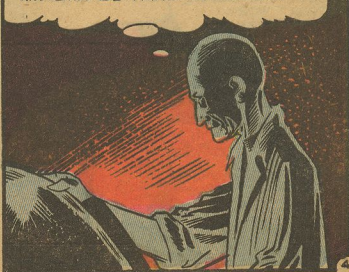
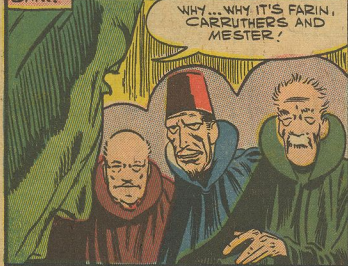
THEY WERE GONE! KARL PHALAN SAW ALL THAT HE HAD WORKED FOR SLIPPING AWAY...
NO! I CANNOT STOP NOW! I WILL SELL EVERYTHING I OWN... RAISE MONEY SOMEHOW! I MUST SUCCEED AND THROUGH SUCCESS FIND THE THINGS I HAVE DENIED MYSELF ALL MY LIFE... LEISURE, FAME, RICHES!
2

WHA... WHAT IS THAT? THE MACHINE... IT'S HUMMING... IT... IT'S WORKING!

IT WAS A WONDERFUL CIVILIZATION, THIS FUTURE WORLD HE SAW! MANKIND HAD REACHED HIS GOLDEN AGE AND IN ALL THE WORLD, THERE WAS PEACE, PROSPERITY AND LEARNING...

A WORLD OF HAPPINESS, QUIET, PEACEFUL SANENESS! AND PERHAPS MY MACHINE WILL CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING TO THE WONDERS OF THAT FUTURE WORLD!

I MUST CALL MESTER, FARIN AND CARRUTHERS AND TELL THEM THAT FAILURE IS OVER, THAT THE MACHINE WORKS! WITH THEM TO BACK ME I CAN BE JUDICIOUS ABOUT WHO USES MY MACHINE! IT MUST BE USED ONLY FOR THE GOOD OF MANKIND!

THEY CAME THOSE THREE, THE THREE WEALTHIEST MEN IN THE WORLD, THEY WOULD ALWAYS COME WHEN THEY SMELLED SUCCESS...
IT IS TRUE THEN! THE MACHINE REALLY WORKS?
ONE CAN SEE INTO THE FUTURE?

YES! IT IS ALL I SAID IT WOULD BE! YOU CALLED ME A FAILURE, BUT YOU WERE WRONG AND FOR THE FAITH YOU FORMERLY HAD IN ME, THE MONEY YOU GAVE ME TO WORK AND BUILD THE MACHINE, YOU SHALL SHARE MY HOUR OF TRIUMPH! WAIT HERE! I WILL ADJUST THE MACHINE AND CALL YOU IN WHEN ALL IS IN READINESS!

I WILL ONLY SET IT FOR TEN YEARS INTO THE FUTURE FOR THEY MUST BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO THE IDEA OF VIEWING THE FUTURE! IN TEN YEARS THERE WILL STILL BE FAMILIAR THINGS...

THE MACHINE HUMMED! THE LENS BECAME CLOUDY! THEN IT BEGAN TO CLEAR AND HE LOOKED TEN YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, INTO A ROOM IN A HUGE PALACE IN WHICH THREE MEN SAT...
WHY...WHY IT'S FARIN, CARRUTHERS AND MESTER!

HE SAW THEM, THE THREE, MASTERS OF THE WORLD WITH ALL PEOPLE THEIR SLAVES...
WE CAUGHT THEM MAKING SPEECHES AGAINST YOUR RULE, YOUR HUGENESSES!
PUNISH THEM! WE MUST HAVE NO RIOTING ON THIS, THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR GREAT COUP! I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING KARL?

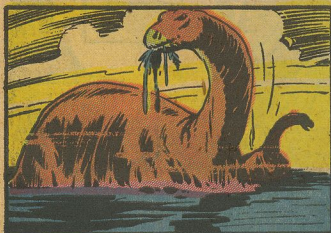
HE SAW ANOTHER MAN ENTER, AND THE MAN WAS HIMSELF, HEAD SCIENTIST OF THE WORLD, WEALTHY, HONORED, NEXT TO THE THREE, THE MOST POWERFUL MAN OF THE FUTURE...
AH, KARL, WELCOME! TEN YEARS AGO WE MADE OUR GREAT COUP, CORNERING ALL THE MONEY, INDUSTRY, AND TRADE IN THE WORLD. THE COUP THAT MADE US ABSOLUTE DICTATORS OF ALL THE WORLD! WE OWE IT ALL TO YOU! WITHOUT THAT LOOK INTO THE FUTURE WHICH ASSURED US OF SUCCESS WE WOULDN'T HAVE ATTEMPTED IT...

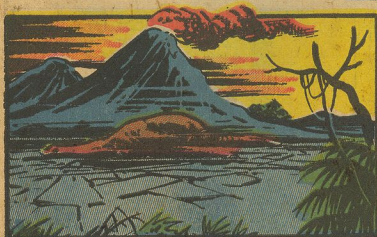
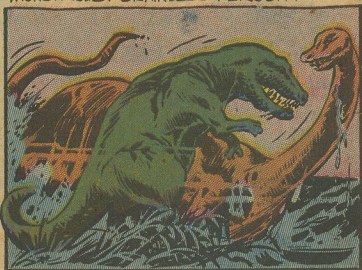
QUIETLY KARL TURNED OFF THE MACHINE! AND FOR A LONG MOMENT HE SAT THERE, DEEP IN THOUGHT...
THE FUTURE CAN HOLD EVERYTHING I'VE EVER WANTED! BUT ALSO MISERY AND SLAVERY FOR THE REST OF MANKIND, AND THAT OTHER, GREAT FUTURE I FIRST SAW, WILL NEVER COME TO PASS! WHAT SHALL I DO?

PRESENTLY HE ROSE AND WALKED INTO THE OTHER ROOM...
GENTLEMEN, I'M SORRY, THE MACHINE DOESN'T WORK! I DON'T THINK IT EVER WILL!
YOU MISERABLE FOOL! YOU POOR STUPID FAILURE...

THEY LEFT AND KARL PHALEN SAT AMIDST HIS POVERTY AND THE END OF HIS DREAMS AND--HE SMILED, CONTENT...
STUPID, MISERABLE FAILURE! YES! THE FAILURE WHO GAVE THE WORLD AND THE FUTURE TO ALL OF MANKIND!
END

MILLIONS OF YEARS BEFORE MAN MADE HIS APPEARANCE UPON THIS EARTH, IN A TIME CALLED THE MESOZOIC PERIOD, GREAT MONSTERS ROAMED THE EARTH...

THIS WAS THE AGE OF THE GIANT SAURIANS, THE REPTILES KNOWN AS DINOSAURS, MONSTERS THAT ONCE LIVED AND WALKED WHERE YOUR HOUSE NOW STANDS! THERE WERE THE DIPLODOCUS, ABOUT A HUNDRED FEET LONG...

THEIR WEIGHT WAS SO GREAT THAT THEY HAD TO BE BUOYED UP BY MUD OR WATER! THEIR BELLIES WERE GREAT CAVERNS NEEDING TREMENDOUS STORE OF VEGETATION EACH DAY WHICH WAS GROUND BY STONES THEY SWALLOWED...

AND PREYING UPON THESE HERBIVORES WERE THE FLESH EATING DINOSAURS SUCH AS TYRANNOSAURUS, MEASURING FORTY FEET OF MONSTROUS, BRAINLESS FEROCITY...

GIANTS, MONSTERS OF THE EARTH, KINGS OF THE MESOZOIC PERIOD! WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM? WHERE HAVE THEY GONE AND WHY? NO ONE KNOWS! ALL WE KNOW IS THAT THEY DISAPPEARED FROM THE EARTH! WERE THEY TOO BRAINLESS TO ADAPT TO NEW CONDITIONS? WERE THEY TOO BIG AND MONSTROUS TO SURVIVE? NO ONE KNOWS!

IT IS THE GREAT MYSTERY, THE MOST STRIKING REVOLUTION IN THE HISTORY OF EARTH BEFORE THE COMING OF MANKIND!

THE STRANGE PACKAGE!

LOOK WELL AT THIS PACKAGE FOR IT HAS TRAVELED FAR, MUCH FURTHER THAN YOU COULD EVER IMAGINE! IT IS A MOST EXTRAORDINARY PACKAGE WITH A VERY UNUSUAL DESTINY! IN FACT, AS YOU WILL SEE, EVERYTHING CONNECTED WITH THIS PACKAGE IS STRANGE AND UNUSUAL!

HEY, JOE! THIS PACKAGE WAS RETURNED STAMPED "NO SUCH ADDRESS," AND THERE'S NO SENDER'S NAME ON IT! IT WAS SENT TO A DR. LANCE HUNTLEY!

LOOK IT UP AND GET THE RIGHT ADDRESS!

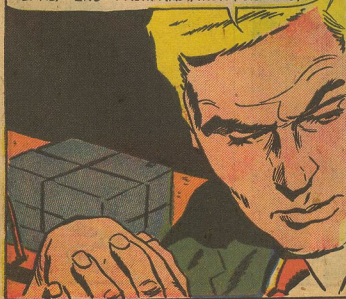
POST OFFICE

THERE WAS THE PICTURE OF A MAN ON THE STAMPS AND IT SAID "U.S. PRESIDENT ALDOUS LANG"! WE NEVER HAD A PRESIDENT WITH THAT NAME... OR AM I NUTS?
YOU MUST BE NUTS! GOOD THING YOUR VACATION IS COMING UP... YOU NEED IT!

LATER THAT DAY THE POSTMAN BROUGHT THE PACKAGE TO THE OFFICE OF DR. LANCE HUNTLEY, 218 WHITNEY AVENUE...
218
U.S. MAIL

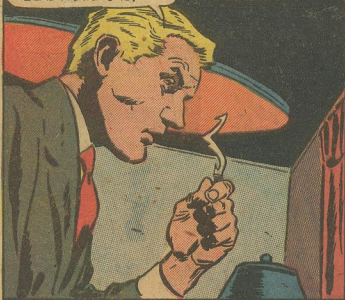
AND INSIDE THE BUILDING, IN HIS OFFICE, DR. HUNTLEY WAS MAKING A PAINFUL PHONE CALL...
MARION, I--I CAN'T EXPLAIN! WE CAN'T BE MARRIED! I WANT YOU TO FORGET ME...

PACKAGE FOR YOU, DOCTOR!
THANKS, BETTY! PUT IT ON MY DESK AND YOU CAN LEAVE NOW... I WON'T NEED YOU ANY MORE TODAY!

I SHOULD HAVE MY WHOLE LIFE BEFORE ME... MARRIAGE, A FINE CAREER! INSTEAD I FACE AN EARLY END FROM RADIATION POISONING!

WHY DID I HAVE TO INVOLVE MYSELF IN THAT LINE OF CANCER RESEARCH? WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE ME WHO RECEIVED THE OVERDOSE FROM THAT ACTIVE ISOTOPE? WELL, I SUPPOSE THAT'S THE CHANCE A RESEARCH MAN TRYING TO PROVE THIS THEORY TAKES!

A MEDICAL BAG! NO CARD INDICATING WHO THE SENDER IS! MUST BE A GRATEFUL PATIENT! STRANGE MATERIAL... NOT LEATHER!

HE OPENED THE BAG...
WHAT THE--! I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE! THE LABELS ON THE BOTTLES ARE FOREIGN TO ME AND THE INSTRUMENTS ARE STRANGE CARICATURES OF THE INSTRUMENTS WE USE!
REMI
TOF

I'M NOT SURE BUT WHAT THIS IS SOME KIND OF ELABORATE GAG!

OUCH! CUT MYSELF! THAT UNUSUAL SCALPEL SEEMED TO TURN IN MY HAND OF ITS OWN VOLITION AND IT CERTAINLY IS SHARPER THAN ANY BLADE I'VE EVER SEEN! SOME SORT OF LIGHT ALLOY!

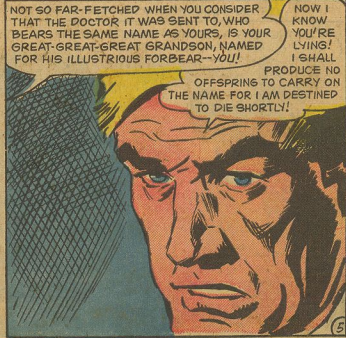
I'LL STERILIZE AND BANDAGE THE CUT--WHAT'S THIS? SIMPLE HEALING POWDER!... MAY AS WELL TRY IT...

HE POURED THE HEALING POWDER OVER THE BAD CUT...

YET HIS SENSES TOLD HIM THAT IT WAS NOT IMAGINATION! HE TURNED HIS HEAD...

THERE IS SOMEONE--SOMETHING--FOLLOWING ME! I SAW IT JUMP INTO THAT ALLEY JUST NOW... HUGE...

THE PACKAGE WAS SENT BY A GRATEFUL PATIENT IN THE FAR FUTURE,,, 2086 TO BE EXACT...TO A DOCTOR BEARING THE SAME NAME AS YOURS! THRU A TIME-SLOT FAULT IT APPEARED IN THIS AGE INSTEAD! I HAVE COME FROM THE FUTURE TO RETREIVE IT!

THIS IS ALL VERY FAR-FETCHED TO ME! TOO MUCH COINCIDENCE... ESPECIALLY THAT PART ABOUT A DOCTOR BEARING THE SAME NAME AS MINE!

AH, I AM GLAD YOU REMINDED ME...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HE WAS HELPLESS IN THE MAN'S GRASP! HE FELT THE JAB OF A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE IN HIS ARM...
STOP! WHAT ARE YOU INJECTING?
A DRUG YOU NEVER HEARD OF, DOCTOR! A SPECIFIC FOR RADIATION POISONING!

THE PAINFUL GNAWING AT MY STOMACH IS GONE...THE PAINS IN MY BONES, THE NAUSEA... ALL GONE!
OF COURSE! THE DRUG CURES INSTANTLY! YOU ARE CURED SO THAT YOU CAN FULFILL YOUR DESTINY TO THE FUTURE! THE NAME OF HUNTLEY IS DESTINED TO MAKE MEDICAL HISTORY! I WILL TAKE THE BAG AND GO BACK TO MY OWN TIME...

WAIT! THERE IS SO MUCH I WANT TO KNOW...
NO, MY FRIEND! YOUR WORLD IS NOT READY FOR THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS YOU WOULD ASK ME! GOODBYE, DOCTOR! THE FUTURE SHALL ALWAYS HONOR YOU!

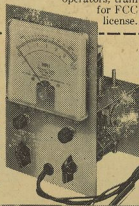
DAZED BY HIS EXPERIENCE, DR. HUNTLEY NEVER REMEMBERED WALKING BACK TO HIS OFFICE! BUT AS HE ENTERED, THE RINGING OF THE PHONE BROUGHT HIM FROM HIS AMAZED THOUGHTS...
YES, THIS IS DR.--MARION! I'M SO GLAD YOU CALLED!

NO, NO! FORGET WHAT I SAID BEFORE! ALL THAT IS PAST! WE HAVE THE WHOLE FUTURE BEFORE US, DARLING!
END

YOU BUILD Broadcasting Transmitter

As part of N.R.I. Communications Course you build this low power Transmitter; use it to learn methods required of commercial broadcasting operators, train for FCC license.

YOU BUILD Signal Generator

N.R.I. sends kits of parts to build this Signal Generator. You get practical experience, conduct tests to compensate Radio frequency amplifiers, practice aligning a typical I.F. video amplifier in TV circuit, many other experiments.

YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Voltmeter

Use it to get practical experience, earn extra cash fixing neighbors' sets in spare time, gain knowledge to help you work in Radio, Television, Color TV. With N.R.I. training you work on circuits common to both Radio and TV. Equipment you build "brings to life" things you learn in N.R.I.'s easy-to-understand lessons. 64 page Catalog FREE, shows all equipment you get.

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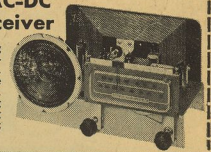
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"I am Chief Engineer of Station KGCU in Mandan, N. D. I also have my own spare time business servicing high frequency two-way communications systems." R. BARNETT, Bismarck, North Dakota.

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"I am doing very well in spare time TV and Radio. Sometimes have three TV jobs waiting and also fix car Radios for garages. I paid for instruments out of earnings." G. F. SEAMAN, New York, N. Y.

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